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ALL KINDS OF

JOB PRINTING

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH
At this Office.

Biographical Sketch.

From Sartain Magazine for July.

ANDREW JACKSON.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

The spirit of faction is always unjust, and often cruel. A spotless character, and a life of self sacrifice and devotion to others, cannot ally its resentment, or shame it into honour. It was, therefore, doubtless, well for both Generals Harrison and Taylor, that they fell on the threshold of their political life. They had already experienced enough of detraction and injustice to convince them of the unrighting hatred of party spirit. General Jackson not only hated the bitter cup which an unjust opposition presented to his lips, but drank it to the dregs, during the eight years of his stormy presidency. But now, each succeeding year that sweeps over his grave, obliterates some of the marks of former struggles, and former hate, and retouches those half-effaced lines which a grateful nation had traced to his memory, and which will be read with pride and love, when the animosity that obscured them shall be remembered only to be pitied and condemned.

In 1765 a transient vessel modestly crept into the harbour of Charleston, having on board a number of emigrants, who had fled from persecution in the old world, to find shelter and repose in the new.—Among them was a Protestant family from the north of Ireland, by the name of Jackson. Like all the Protestants from that section of Ireland, they were descended from the Scotch, who came over to settle on lands confiscated by the English government. This family consisted of Andrew Jackson, his wife, and two sons, Hugh and Robert. The father was the youngest of four sons, and though unaccustomed to the management of a large, wild farm, resolved to leave a land torn with civil dissensions, and vexed and outraged by English injustice, and make for himself a home in the distant colonies of America.

He was accompanied by three of his neighbours, who, with him, desiring the low lands near the coast around Charleston, passed north, to the borders of North Carolina, and settled in a wild remote spot, on the Waxhaw Creek. Two years after, March 16th, 1767, Andrew Jackson, the subject of this sketch, was born. The father lived but a short time after the birth of the son who was to bear his name, and under it, amidst the difficulties that attend the settlement of a new country.

The property left to the family, was small, but by the energy of Mrs. Jackson and her two older sons, it was made to yield a comfortable subsistence. Such a mother as watched over the opening existence of the fatherless Andrew, is seldom given to children. Like the mother of the young Napoleon, she was gifted with a strong intellect, while, in the strictness of her religious principles, a fervency of purpose, and fearlessness of heart, she resembled the old Covenanters, from whom she descended. Had she lived in those troublous times of her church when the spirit of Claverhouse was making the hills of Scotland roddy with the blood of its children, she would have been among the first to resist the oppressor, even at the cost of her life. From her, Andrew derived his daring spirit, inflexible will, tireless energy, and hatred of oppression.—The history of both her Irish and Scotch ancestors, had been one of wrong and cruelty inflicted by English power, and as she recounted the past to her listening child, deep and permanent impressions were made that no change of circumstances or times could afterwards obliterate.

Whether there was something about this youngest born,—in his flashes

of youthful genius—the fervid and daring spirit, which even in boyhood would often burst forth, or whether a deeper love linking around the child of her bereavement, who bore the name of her lost companion, influenced her determination, at all events, she resolved, limited as her means were, to give him an education. True to the faith of her fathers, she dedicated him to God. That bright young intellect, whose development she watched with such maternal solicitude, must bestow its powers on no mere worldly object, and she resolved that he should become a herald of the cross—little thinking how soon that voice, instead of uttering accents of mercy, would ring loudest on the battle field.

Amid the peaceful studies of Waxhaw academy, to which Andrew had been sent to commence his education, passed the first years of his boyhood. While here, the Revolution broke out, and though the conflict was principally in the northern colonies, still the war notes which a free people uttered, found an echo in the bosoms of the inhabitants of South Carolina, and the battles of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill—the news of the disastrous campaign that followed—the brilliant movement of Washington on Trenton—the toils and sufferings of the American soldiers—the battle of Saratoga, and the surrender of Burgoyne, fanned the flames of patriotism, and filled the hearts of young and old with a burning desire to strike one blow for their common country. Nor had they long to wait, for the desolating tide of war, soon rolled south, and the rallying notes of the bugle rang thro' the pine woods of Carolina.

In 1778 Savannah was taken, and the next spring the British troops passed over into South Carolina. They were met by the hardy yeomanry, among whom was Hugh Jackson, the elder brother of Andrew. He fell in his first battle, at Stono, overcome by the heat and labor of the day.

The next year Charleston surrendered, and the British army, in three strong columns, pierced the state in three different directions. Colonel Buford, with four hundred men, slowly retired before the column under Cornwallis, who, hearing of the presence of his adversary, despatched Colonel Tarleton with two hundred and seventy dragoons, in pursuit. Colonel Buford was overtaken at Waxhaw, the home of Andrew, and cut to pieces. Out of the four hundred in his command, two hundred and sixty were left dead or badly wounded, in the peaceful village of Waxhaw. In the quiet green, along the rural street, around the humble cottages lay the mutilated bodies, nearly all of them showing the ghastly wounds of the sabre. The fierce dragoons, with their bugle blast and shouts, and tramping steeds, had come and gone like a whirlwind, leaving desolation in their path, while the silence that succeeded this sudden uproar, and short, fierce death-struggle, was broken only by the groans of the dying. The little village church was immediately turned into a hospital, and the inhabitants vied with each other in ministering to the wounded.

Andrew was at this time but twelve years of age; but as he listened to the tumult of the battle, and afterwards gazed on the ghastly spectacle, his young heart kindled into rage, and in that dreadful hour, the soldier was born.

Not long after, as the marauders, under Lord Rawdon, advanced towards the settlements on the Waxhaw, marking their course with rapine and murder, Mrs. Jackson and her two remaining sons, together with most of the inhabitants, fled into North Carolina, where they remained till the British commander was recalled to Camden.

In July of this year (1780), General Sumter made his gallant but unsuccessful attack on the British at Rocky Mount. Soon after, he was reinforced by a party of Waxhaw settlers under Col. Davie, among whom were the two sons of Widow Jackson. Andrew, at this time, was but thirteen years old, and could scarcely stagger under the weight of his musket. It was sad to behold one so young marching to the armage of battle; but there was a sublimity, a grandeur, about the gallant boy, that wins our highest admiration. It is a terrible thing to have such a child cast into the midst of strife and bloodshed; and yet it is noble spectacle to behold so young a heart laid on the altar of his country, so fresh a life offered a sacrifice to liberty.

It was hard for the solitary widow to part with her "Benjamin," the child of her love. As she strained him to her bosom she thought of the hardships and toilsome march before him, and alas! of the battle-field on which, perchance, his pale and innocent cheek would be pressed in death, while his spotted locks lay trampled in the earth; yet, Spartan-like, she bade him, in God's name, go, and strike for the land of his birth.

On the 8th of August, General Sumter attacked the British post at Hanging Rock. At first he was successful; but, owing to the insubordination of some of his troops, he was at length compelled to retreat. The young Jacksons were in Col. Davie's corps, which fought gallantly to the last. This was Andrew's first battle, and in it he showed the metal he was made of.

Soon after this engagement, he returned to his mother, who again fled for safety to North Carolina. Here they remained till February, when they once more crossed the borders, in search of their home.

The conflict which now raged with violence in the Carolinas, was not confined to the British and Americans, but civil war broke forth in all its fury. Towns, and even families, were divided; and with

the success of the British, the Tories increased both in numbers and boldness, and in knowing the country thoroughly, rendered concealment on the part of the Whigs difficult. The patriotic inhabitants were compelled to be on their guard as much as if surrounded by hostile Indians. Andrew and his brother, therefore, with others, kept their horses and guns to be ready at a moment's warning for any enterprise that might offer itself. One night a Captain Lands, an officer in the rebel army, came to the Waxhaw to spend a night with his family. Fearing his arrival might be known to the Tories, who would at once capture him, a guard of eight men volunteered to keep watch around the house. Andrew and his elder brother Robert were among the number.

No signs of disturbance having been seen during the evening, the party lay down on the floor of the house and went to sleep. One of them, however, being a British deserter, and fearing re-capture, could not so easily compose himself.

The night wore on, and all was still without save the music of running water; and everything betokened repose and safety. But a little after midnight, the British deserter, who sat, wide awake, outside the door, thought he heard a noise near the stable, and, stealing cautiously out, saw a party of Tories stealthily approaching the house. Rushing back, he seized the person lying nearest the door by the hair, exclaiming, "The Tories are upon us! the Tories are upon us!" The sleeper thus aroused was the boy Andrew. Instead of showing the agitation natural to a lad of fourteen, he quickly snatched up his musket, and running forth in the direction pointed out by the deserter, saw the dim outline of a body of men silently advancing. Biting his musket in the crotch of an apple tree, he stoutly hailed them. Receiving no answer, he hailed again, and still receiving no reply, he fired. A volley instantly followed, and the deserter fell dead by his side. The party, however, finding themselves discovered, halted, uncertain whether to advance or retreat. The house had a hall running directly through it, from east to west, with a door at either extremity. The party at which young Jackson fired was approaching the east door; but, in the mean time, another detachment had taken a slight circuit around the house, in order to stop the inmates from escaping by the west entrance. The latter, mistaking the volley which had been discharged at Jackson for that of a rallying party from the house, wheeled, and fired at their friends. In the meantime, Andrew had re-entered the house, and, running to the west door, began, with two others, to fire on the enemy.

In a short time, both of his companions were shot down by his side; but the gallant boy, though alone, boldly maintained the contest. It was uncertain how this unequal conflict would end; when, suddenly over the crack of the musketry, there rang on the clear night air the shrill blast of a bugle, sounding the charge. The Tories, alarmed, turned and fled precipitately.—Andrew expected every moment to hear the tramp of cavalry sweeping along the road; but no cavalry came, and he and his remaining friends kept undisturbed watch over their dead and wounded comrades until morning.

It turned out afterwards that Major Ibel, who was in the neighborhood, had heard the firing, and, supposing that Captain Land's house was attacked, snatched down his bugle, and blew a charge to alarm the assailants, though he had not a man with him.

The coolness and self-possession of Andrew in this night attack exhibit a presence of mind and courage seldom witnessed in a tried soldier, and foreshadow the great commander.

In the mean time, Lord Rawdon, hearing that the stubborn and patriotic Waxhaw settlers had returned, despatched Major Coffin with a detachment of infantry and dragoons to capture them.—The sturdy settlers were informed of their approach, but resolved to maintain their ground. Some forty of them assembled at the village meeting-house, and were waiting for reinforcement which was momentarily expected, when the British detachment approached with the Tories, dressed in the garb of settlers, in front.—Deceived by their dress, the patriots supposed them to be friends, till they were entering the village; when, discovering their mistake they leaped upon their horses and fled. The dragoons, however, dashed in among them, and captured eleven out of the forty. The two Jacksons were among the number who escaped. Andrew and his cousin, Lieutenant Crawford, kept together; but, in galloping across a marshy field, the horse of the latter misstepped, and fell. Before he could recover himself he was fired upon, wounded, and taken prisoner. Andrew kept on, and soon after encountered his brother, when the two continued their flight to Cain Creek, on the banks of which, in a dense thicket, they concealed themselves, till next morning. Crouching like hunted panthers in their place of retreat, the two brothers passed a long and anxious night, and watched the sun struggling up through the tree-tops with longing eyes. They, however, dared not venture out till late in the day; but, as hour after hour passed by, and they heard no sound of pursuit, they finally resolved to sally forth in search of food, which they had not tasted since twelve o'clock the day before. The house of their cousin, Lieutenant Crawford, was near; and leaving their horses tied in the thicket, they cautiously approached it.—Unfortunately, a party of Tories had discovered their retreat, and immediately surrounded the house. Resistance and escape were alike hopeless, and they surrendered themselves prisoners. A scene of ruffianism and brutality followed. The

house was sacked, the furniture destroyed, the clothes of the inmates torn in pieces, and every indignity put on the family of Mrs. Crawford, without a word of rebuke from the British officer in command. The latter, coolly seating himself, ordered Andrew to clean his boots. The fiery young republican, whose heart was swelling with suppressed wrath at the brutality he was compelled to witness, indignantly refused, when the dastardly officer struck at him with his sword. Andrew, throwing up his left arm to parry the blow, received it on his hand, which was nearly half severed. The officer then turned to the elder brother, Robert, and peremptorily commanded him to perform the menial service. Meeting with the same proud refusal, he, in his cowardly anger, laid open the head of the unarmed man with a sword-cut, inflicting a wound from which the sufferer never recovered.

After this exhibition of cowardice and ferocity, young Andrew, with his hand gashed and still bleeding, was placed on a horse and ordered to lead the way to the house of Major Thompson, a gallant Whig. He was told that if he flinched, or failed to do as he was directed, he would instantly be put to death. Forgetful of his wound, and scorning the threats of his captors, the noble boy thought only how he would save the American officer. Fearing the latter might be at home, he resorted to a stratagem, that seems marvellous in a lad only fourteen years of age. Surrounded by vindictive men—assailed with threats of vengeance, and bleeding fast from a ghastly wound, he still rose superior to the fear with which man is always able to overcome a child, and self-collected and reserved, plotted in their very midst how he might thwart their plans. Knowing if he took the direct route to the house, their approach would not be discovered till it was too late for the fugitive to escape, he made a wide detour, and crossing fields and traversing patches of woods, at length came in sight of the building from an eminence half a mile distant. As he cast his anxious eye down, he saw Thompson's horse tied near the house—a certain sign that the rider was within. The British dragoons immediately put spurs to their steeds and dashed forward. But before they could reach the dwelling, Andrew, to his inexorable delight, saw Thompson rush out, leap into the saddle, plunge boldly into the creek near by, and swim to the opposite shore. The latter, seeing the dragoons pause on the brink of the rapid stream, afraid to cross, turned and shouted back his curse and defiance, and then trotted leisurely away.

Andrew and his brother with some twenty others, were then placed upon horses and started for Camden, forty miles distant. No food or water was allowed the prisoners during the whole route—the attempt even to snatch a handful of water from the streams they forded on the way, was resisted with a brutality, that would put a savage to shame. Arriving at Camden, they were thrust, with two or three hundred others, into the redoubt which surrounded the jail, and left, half-naked, and their wounds unattended, to suffer and die. Andrew was separated from his brother and Lieutenant Crawford, when their relationship was discovered, while, to add still more to the horrors of his confinement, nothing but the most disgusting bread was allowed him for food.

One day as he sat by the entrance of his prison, basking in the warm sunshine of a spring day, the officer of the guard, struck by his boyish appearance, began to question him. To his surprise, the high-spirited lad, instead of complaining and appealing to his sympathy, boldly denounced the treatment he and his fellow prisoners received, as inhuman, and un soldier-like. A report was immediately made in the proper quarter, and meat was added to the rations, and comforts hitherto denied were allowed.

While the boy hero was thus counting the hours of his weary prison-life, growing old before his time, he heard that General Greene was advancing to attack Camden—indeed was already encamped on Hobkirk Hill, only a mile from the town. Knowing that a battle would soon be fought, he determined, if possible to witness it. From the eminence on which the jail stood, Hobkirk Hill, and Greene's encampment were in full view. But soon after the arrival of the American army, a high, tight plank fence was built around the redoubt, which effectually shut out all the surrounding country. Young Jackson, however, was not thus to be foiled, and having obtained an old razor, used by the prisoners to cut their provisions, he, on the night of the 24th of April, commenced his attack on the planks. While the rest of the prisoners were wrapped in slumber, he worked away, by the dim light of the stars, hour after hour, and at length, towards morning, he succeeded in loosening a knot. Applying his eye to the aperture thus made, he found, to his infinite joy, that he had a fine view of Greene's encampment. The next morning, ascertaining that Rawdon was about to issue forth with all his force and attack the American entrenchments, he mounted the redoubt and placed his eye at the knot-hole to watch the progress of events, while the prisoners gathered in a crowd below to hear his report. What hopes and fears alternately shook that young bosom as he watched the English columns slowly ascending the hill, making straight for the heart of the American encampment. His eye gleamed and his voice trembled, as he saw the American pickets and advanced guard rapidly driven in, but when he heard the artillery of Greene open, and he beheld the descending wings of the American army swoop like an eagle, on the contracted flank of the enemy, crushing them in their headlong charge, a cry of joy started the listeners below. And

again, as he caught a glimpse of Washington's cavalry about to burst on the rear, he believed the battle gained. But the sudden unexpected panic of the veteran Maryland Regiment, made the tide of battle again set against the patriot army, and at length, with grief and anguish unexpressable, he saw the latter rolled back, and disappear over the hill, while the English flag waved above the spot, where, in the morning, proudly floated the banner of his country.

The excited boy, watching from far the wavering fortunes of his country—a group of prisoners standing breathless below, gazing intently on his form, to catch every word that fell from his lips, present one of the finest scenes to the imagination, which our history affords. Rebecca, leaning down on the tumultuous fight at the base, and reporting its progress to the wounded Ivanhoe, as he tossed on his impatient couch, does not exhibit so much the true sublime, as this young republican, watching the progress of freedom's battle, and now in exultant, and now in mournful accents, reporting to the ragged, emaciated group beneath him, its changes and its disastrous issue.

Soon after the retreat of Greene, young Jackson was surprised to hear that his mother was in town. From the moment her boys were taken prisoners, she had not ceased to devise means for their release. She had lingered round their prison walls, and prayed and wept in secret, over their fate. At length, through her influence, an exchange was effected, and Andrew and Robert, together with five others were set at liberty in return for thirteen British soldiers, who had been captured by a Whig. The spectacle those two sons presented to their mother, was enough to break her Spartan heart. The wound in Robert's head had never been dressed, and he looked haggard and wan, while the faces of both showed that they were infected with the small pox. The hospital was the proper place for them instead of the highway, still they resolved to start for their home. They had means only sufficient to procure two horses, one of which was given to Mrs. Jackson, while Robert was placed on the other, supported by his fellow-prisoners. Young Andrew trudged along on foot, with every vein in him swelling with the fever of disease. This sad, sick group, presented a sorrowful aspect, as past desolated dwellings, and deserted hamlets, they slowly travelled back to their homes. The second day, when within a few miles of the settlement, a sudden shower of rain overtook them, before they could reach shelter, which drenched the party to the skin, and drove the small pox in on both the boys. They were immediately taken dangerously ill, and the disease combining with the putrid undressed wound, brought on inflammation of the brain in Robert, and in two days he was dead. Andrew became delirious, and nothing but the constant care and nursing of his afflicted mother, saved him from sharing the fate of his brother.

He had scarcely recovered his health, when this "mother of the Gracchi," forgetting her own sorrows in the sufferings of her countrymen, resolved, with four or five other ladies, to go to Charleston, and, if possible, their neighbors who were there confined on board a prison-ship.

Her last surviving child demanded her attention and care at home, but she had long since placed him, with her other children and herself, on the altar of her country, and the successive immolation of the victims could not swerve her great heart from the sacrifice.

Taking with them such supplies as they thought would be needed, these noble women commenced their tedious journey of nearly two hundred miles to Charleston. Having arrived there, they sought out the British commander, and asked permission to go on board the prison-ship and attend to the sick. Inhuman as the conduct of the British had been, it was not in the heart of man to refuse this request, and it was granted. The stench and filth and malignant sickness that made that prison-ship like the crowded hold of a slave in the horrors of the middle passage could not repel these angels of mercy from their kindly ministrations.

But Mrs. Jackson weighed down with heavy afflictions—having just arisen from the grave of one son and the sick bed of another—was not in a condition to combat successfully the effects of the putrid air that shepherded in, which was raging among the prisoners, sickened, and died. Strong hands placed her in an unknown grave, and though her son in after years, could not do honor to her tomb, her memory has been enshrined in the hearts of millions.

Young Andrew was now alone in the world. Amid the utter desolation of his father's house, the orphan boy stood and surveyed, with an anxious heart, the world before him. Through what scenes of bloodshed, cruelty, oppression, and suffering; through what grievous afflictions he had passed! How they had developed his character and matured his mind before the time; so that, although but a boy in years, he was a man in thought, energy, resolution and resources.

But as he contemplated the devastation that had swept his home and left him alone in the world, he remembered the hand that wrought it all. His father had been driven from the land of his nativity by English oppression; one brother had died on the battle-field, nobly repelling English invasion; another had sunk under English cruelty and barbarity; and, last of all, the mother he loved more than his life had fallen a victim to English inhumanity, and buried in an unknown, unhonored grave; and no wonder, there became planted in his heart an indelible and able hatred of the English nation. He had

run up a long and bloody score, which, with the accumulated interest of years, that orphan boy was yet to wipe out with one terrible blow which should cover the British Isle with mourning.

After the death of his mother, he went to live with Major Thomas Crawford, and still later, entered the family of Mr. White, an uncle of Mrs. Crawford. Camden having been evacuated by the enemy, the Waxhaw settlers were left unmolested.—Many of the wealthiest citizens of Charleston, who fled when the city was captured had taken up their residence at Waxhaw, with whom young Jackson became intimate. This led to habits of dissipation, and he soon squandered the little patrimony left by the family. At the close of the war, these wealthy and gay companions returned to Charleston. Mounted on a splendid horse, the last of his property, Jackson soon followed them to seek his fortune. In the hotel at which he stopped, he found some of them engaged in a game of dice. In the recklessness of spirit, which had characterized him since he departed from the counsels of his mother, he staked his horse against a sum of money, and won. The sudden stroke of good fortune instead of intoxicating him, as it would have any other character, sobered. The youthful follies to which all are subject, and which, in his case, were the result of his lonely condition, and the excitement they furnished him, were suddenly thrown aside, and he resolved to change at once his whole course of life. Mounting his horse, he turned his head homeward, a wiser and a better youth.

That long journey had not been in vain, for it had reformed him; and day after day, as he rode thoughtfully towards home, the past came back with fresh sorrow, and the gentle pressure of a mother's influence was felt upon his heart, and he resolved to devote himself to the profession to which in his infancy she had dedicated him.

But after continuing his studies awhile, he changed his mind, and adopted the legal profession as more congenial to his tastes. He removed to Salisbury, in his native State, where, in the winter of 1780, he was admitted to the bar. At this time, he was but nineteen years of age, yet by his energy, good conduct, and superior ability, he soon won the confidence and esteem of the most influential men of the State, and two years after, without solicitation on his part, was appointed by the Governor solicitor for the western District of Carolina, now the State of Tennessee. Crossing the mountains to Jonesborough, he remained there several months. He then visited the settlements on the Cumberland, where he found that the debtors who composed a large portion of the population, had monopolized the services of the only lawyer in their district, and thus tied up the hands of their creditors. Of course the latter flocked around Jackson, and he issued seventy writs the morning after his arrival. The rude and fierce frontiersmen did not relish this interference with their plans, and they threatened him with personal violence if he did not desist. This was the only mode to be adopted successfully against such a man as Jackson, and he determined at once to remain. There being no hotels or boarding houses in the settlement, he, together with Judge Overton, took up his residence in the family of Mrs. Donelson, a widow, near Nashville.

The animosity which his arrival had excited soon began to manifest itself in attempts to embroil him in quarrels, and thus drive him out of the country. Men who dared not attack the young Carolinian themselves, hired bullies noted for their physical strength and brute courage, to do it for them. A flag-bearer, a huge, powerful man, of whom all the neighborhood stood in awe—was first set upon him. Advancing in the full expectation of giving the young lawyer a sound drubbing, he was about to strike him; when the latter, whose rapid movements and almost ferocity of countenance when enraged took the sturdiest fighter all aback, seized the bully's winding-blades, that lay near, and beat him over the head with such violence that the bruised and astonished fellow begged lustily for quarter. He expected a regular fist-fight, and not such a fierce and murderous attack.

Not long after this, while he was attending court in Sumner County, a noted fighter, whom he had never seen before, deliberately walked up to him and trod on his feet. Jackson immediately seized a slab that lay on the ground by his side, and sending the end full against the fellow's breast, bore him heavily to the earth. The crowd standing around then interfered and separated them. But the baffled and enraged bully rushed to the fence, and, wrenching out a stake, came back on Jackson, swearing horribly, and threatening to dash out his brains. The crowd begged them to keep aloof, and let the villain come on. They immediately drew back; when, with his slab poised like a spear, and his gleaming eye fixed on that of his antagonist, he fiercely advanced upon him. The terrified man gazed for a moment on that embodiment of wrath, then, throwing down his stake, leaped over the fence, and ran for the woods.—Physical force he understood, and had been accustomed to meet; but a human soul on fire with passion was something entirely new, and he dared not meet it. It was man taming a brute by his eye. Some natures are capable of an excitement that would paralyze a weak man, while the features transmit the passion to the senses with such vividness, that the beholder recoils from the expression as he would from a blow. Jackson was one of those; and when his excited soul flashed forth on his face, his brute antagonist forgot the slight

frame before him;—nay, it swelled into gigantic proportions in his sight.

These efforts to intimidate the young solicitor were soon abandoned; for they found that the intimidation came from the other side.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

Selected Articles.

Getting a Subscriber.

Tired and fatigued from a long day's ride; covered with the dust we had gathered on a dry, sandy road; we called at Squire Hobbs's to wet our mouths, rest our bones and have a chat with the Squire.—On our part, however, there was a disposition very soon to talk less and doze more. This, Hobbs—a good natured soul—perceived, as by intuition; and soon lent to the soft influences of Nature's "sweet restorer."

"Now how long we slept we needn't tell, and our readers needn't know. It wasn't long, however, for loud talking in the Squire's "office" soon aroused us, and we listened to a conversation highly interesting to us. It seems that Joannin Gulic, Old Joe a clever sober-sided, close-fisted neighbor of the Squire's—had called in to talk about "the traps" and matters and things in general.

"Well, Squire," said Mr. Gulic, "do you know where a fellow can buy a right smart chance of a nigger boy, these times?"

"Really, Uncle Joe, I don't know, at this time. There was a sale in town last week, of some six or eight at one time."

"There was?"

"Yes. And I got a right likely negro boy, eighteen years old, for \$450. My word for it, I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for him to-day."

"Just my luck—why, I never heard a word of it. Who told you, Squire?"

"O, you know I take the paper. I saw the sale advertised, and as I had to go to town any way, I went on the day of sale, thinking perhaps I might hit a bargain; and I did hit a bargain sure."

"Well, I swear, I have got to have a hand, somehow. You see I have put in more than I have hands to work. Who's got a hand to hire any where about?"

"You're too hard for me again, Uncle Joe; the hiring season is over. About a month ago all the negroes belonging to the estate of H—, deceased, were out at auction; and I'm told they went very low."

"The d—l you say. Why didn't you tell me, Squire?"

"I hardly know why. I saw it advertised in our paper, and I supposed everybody took that. More'n that, I didn't know you wanted to hire. Did you know I have sold my Harlan tract of land?"

"No, indeed. Who to?"

"Why to a rich old fellow from Alabama. It was day before yesterday; and I got the "yellow boys," cash up—only six dollars per acre. He said, that he came across our paper in "Old Alabama;" he liked the description of the country; saw my wee bit of an advertisement, and came to see about it. We struck a trade in no time."

"Jerusalem!! And here I've been trying to sell a tract of land for the last two years, and couldn't get a dollar and a half an acre. It's better land than your'n too, and you know it Squire. Well, what is it, and can't be 'tiser, but I reckon, Squire, I've beat you on sugar. I bought, last week, two barrels of sugar at 6 cents, when every body else had to give 7 cents. Beat that, eh?"

"With all ease, Uncle Joe—I bought mine at 5 cents."

"No, sir—I don't believe it. Now say where?"

"At the house of W— & Co. I got a rare bargain. You see they advertised in the paper that they were selling off at cost. I knew groceries would go quick, so I went in and bought a year's supply. Their groceries were all sold before night, I didn't pay the money either, for they took my U. S. Land Warrant at \$1 25 per acre."

"Now, now, Squire! that can't be, for my lawyer told me that it wasn't legal to sell my land warrant."

"Very true, some time ago; but the news come lately in the paper that Congress had been taken their assignation."

"Well, isn't fair!—it's rascally!—What right has these Editors to get all the news and keep it to themselves?"

"Ah! Uncle Joe, you misunderstand it. Editors and printers labor night and day to gather the news, and give it to the people—to instruct their readers—to inform them of all the improvements of the age—and ameliorate the condition of society. Their paper goes abroad, recommending our people and country to interesting and intelligent emigrants. Can they labor thus for nothing? Should they not be paid? Is there a man who is not benefited by a paper? Is not every subscriber repaid four-fold for the pittance of \$2, his subscription price?"

"Stop, Squire! stop right there! I'm going to take the paper. I'll take six, and send some back to my kinfolks in Georgia."

"You needn't go far as that,—here's the Editor right in the room."

Here the parties rushed in upon us, where we were acting out most admirably a person fast asleep. It is enough for us to say, that after an introduction, the name of Joannin Gulic was entered upon our note book as a subscriber—paid in advance. And now, when the parties alluded to shall read this, we hope they will pardon us for giving to the public the substantial facts urged by the Squire—aiding us so effectively in "arriving a subscriber."—The Herald, Jefferson, Texas.